

Levison Must Give It to Gen. King, Who Will Hand It Over to the Lady—A Summons in the Divorce Proceedings Served in a Cross-town Hotel Car and Promptly Thrown Out of the Window.

The matrimonial difficulties of Arthur Levison, the "Zig-Zag" actor, came up before the fine judicial eye of Patrick Gavan Duffy in the Jefferson Market Police Court at 10 this morning.

Black-eyed Kate Levison and the little male Levison, who is as keen as a ferret and as his papa's lip and his mamma's cheek as the spoils of hereditary, were on hand under Col. O'Brien's deputy.

Arthur Levison, who has a mournful face that could be a fortune in the underwriter's business, came forward under the protecting arm of Gen. Horatio C. King's blue orb.

The General was armed with Mr. Levison's affidavit, containing very unflattering strictures on his better half. The "Little Judge" declared that he was tired of the case.

"Why doesn't the man pay her the \$15 a week?" he asked. "He's got to support her till he's divorced. There!"

This last was a curt interjection flung at Mrs. Levison, who had lost no time in bursting into tears.

Gen. King declared that his client had paid the money, but that the woman had gotten a lot of jewelry, and Levison's money was going to pay for that.

"Madam," said Justice Duffy, "you have followed up this man with extraordinary tenacity. I'm tired of the case." To Levison he said: "You pay her \$12 a week. You could do that if you were only a super."

Under Gen. King's persuasive he reduced it to \$10 a week, which Mr. Levison has to pay to Gen. King, who will pay it to Mrs. Levison.

The summons in the divorce proceedings was served on Mrs. Levison yesterday. Her lawyer remarked to Mr. King on the way out that yesterday was a legal holiday.

So the General and Mr. Levison hastily boarded an Eighth street car, which Mrs. Levison had taken, tossed the summons and complaint in her lap, and left at once.

Mrs. Levison's black eyes snapped, and catching up the summons she hurled it after the retreating enemy. It fell by the side of a beer-wagon and became a literary waif, as it were.

But the summons had been served. Mr. Levison says his wife's temper is not as sweet as could be desired for that close intimacy which matrimony brings.

He shows regretfully a lump on the lobe of the socket of his eye which he says was created by Mrs. Levison's hammering him with the heel of her boot one day while in a wild, erratic state of temper.

He has not lived with her since February, 1897, and says he will push the divorce through as fast as he can.

"I should think you would give \$30 a week to be rid of the woman," said the "Little Judge" to him after Mrs. Levison had retired.

Patrick Gavan Duffy is not stuck on matrimony himself.

**SOLVING A MURDER MYSTERY.**

The Supposed Assassin of a Dredger Workman Arrested.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

Boston, Feb. 23.—The mysterious murder of Nicholas Furlong may be removed from the list of unfathomed crimes.

A man whom the police believe is the assassin has been arrested, and must explain in court some awkward circumstances connecting him with the case.

Furlong was found dead in his bunk on board the dredger on which he was employed at East Boston Wednesday.

He had been shot through the right temple by an unknown assassin.

The police yesterday arrested William J. Bozeman, a fellow workman, on suspicion.

A 32-calibre revolver carrying the same size bullet as that which entered the head of Furlong was found upon him.

Three chambers had been discharged. Bozeman will be arraigned to-day.

**Praise From Middletown.**

To the Editor of The Evening World.

I am so happy that poor little Tina Weiss has been restored to her loving parents. Allow me to congratulate you on the work you have done in this case in bringing her back to her parents. I also congratulate the parents of Tina Weiss for the return of their dear child. It cheers every human heart to read THE EVENING WORLD.

M. B. Middletown, N. Y.

**Two Thieves at a Wake.**

Patrick Meles, eighteen years old, and Edward McCabe, twenty-two years old, of 336 and 338 East Thirty-sixth street, were held in \$300 bail each in Yorkville Police Court this morning on a charge of larceny preferred by William Horus, of No. 300 in the same street. Horus's father died and a wake was held last Sunday night. The prisoners attended the wake and stole an undercoat and an overcoat belonging to young Horus. They were caught in the act of pawing one of the coats.

If you want to relieve the distress of teething without risk give MOORE'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25c.

## BLOOD OF CAIN

A Second Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Notable Dream a la Mode Robert Louis Stevenson.

Judge Hawthorne Says He Is Charmed with the Tournament.

Notice to dream competitors: The mails of THE EVENING WORLD are still packed with dreams innumerable. But everything, however successful, must have an end. And therefore no dreams received after Tuesday next can compete in the tournament. This announcement is made in self-defense, for there seems to be no limit to the capacity of our readers to dream remarkable dreams. Hereafter we shall print only the dreams of the contestants, Judge Hawthorne writes that he is charmed with the outcome of this unique contest.

A Dream Worth Reading.

I dreamed of being shipwrecked on a lonely rock, the cliffs rising steep and precipitous and the waves dashing against them with an ominous, sullen roar. I climbed into a crevice in the cliffs, where I lay for several hours until I had become thoroughly rested, and then I thought of climbing to the top of the cliff to see what kind of a country lay inland. I began to ascend slowly; the green, mossy rocks that covered the rocks were treacherous and I slipped and fell. I climbed and at last reached the top. On the summit I lay I gazed at the beautiful country that lay before me. A few feet away from the edge of the tall cliff a grassy, swayed gently in the breeze. I leaned forward and grasped a tuft so as to give me a brace to draw myself up with, and made one great effort to drag the lower part of my body over, when to my horror the grass gave way and I was precipitated into the sea again. Nine times did I climb to the top, and each time fell back into the sea, but the tenth time I succeeded, and lay down in the tall grass and was soon in a heavy sleep.

When I awoke the sun was in the zenith. I looked before me, but could see nothing but a vast, unimpaired plain. After waiting for a few minutes I saw a small, dark, winged creature, a king I think, who spoke in a strange tongue, with a weird, wild intonation, and after a very short trial I was condemned to be ensnared with the blood of Cain. The king called to him two young men with wings on their feet and webbed arms, resplendent. They were dispatched to some far-off land, but before some high dignitary, a king I think, who spoke in a strange tongue, with a weird, wild intonation, and after a very short trial I was condemned to be ensnared with the blood of Cain. The king called to him two young men with wings on their feet and webbed arms, resplendent. They were dispatched to some far-off land, but before some high dignitary, a king I think, who spoke in a strange tongue, with a weird, wild intonation, and after a very short trial I was condemned to be ensnared with the blood of Cain.

Mr. King declared that his client had paid the money, but that the woman had gotten a lot of jewelry, and Levison's money was going to pay for that. "Madam," said Justice Duffy, "you have followed up this man with extraordinary tenacity. I'm tired of the case." To Levison he said: "You pay her \$12 a week. You could do that if you were only a super." Under Gen. King's persuasive he reduced it to \$10 a week, which Mr. Levison has to pay to Gen. King, who will pay it to Mrs. Levison.

The summons in the divorce proceedings was served on Mrs. Levison yesterday. Her lawyer remarked to Mr. King on the way out that yesterday was a legal holiday. So the General and Mr. Levison hastily boarded an Eighth street car, which Mrs. Levison had taken, tossed the summons and complaint in her lap, and left at once. Mrs. Levison's black eyes snapped, and catching up the summons she hurled it after the retreating enemy. It fell by the side of a beer-wagon and became a literary waif, as it were. But the summons had been served. Mr. Levison says his wife's temper is not as sweet as could be desired for that close intimacy which matrimony brings. He shows regretfully a lump on the lobe of the socket of his eye which he says was created by Mrs. Levison's hammering him with the heel of her boot one day while in a wild, erratic state of temper. He has not lived with her since February, 1897, and says he will push the divorce through as fast as he can. "I should think you would give \$30 a week to be rid of the woman," said the "Little Judge" to him after Mrs. Levison had retired. Patrick Gavan Duffy is not stuck on matrimony himself.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pilewort, Juniper Berries and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, unknown to any other medicine, and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that while neighborhood are taking it at the same time, Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. The same success is extending all over the country.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apoliticals, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

from me I could wield a strange influence over them. They would become hypnotized and follow me wherever I went. I would lead them to some silent spot and then strangle them. Then I would float over them exultingly, sit and crouch and laugh in a cruel, weird tone of voice, until the desire for new victims took possession of me.

One evening while I was searching for a victim I was suddenly enveloped in a cloud of intense blackness. I felt a bag thrown over my head, my arms were pinioned to my side, and I was dragged over the stones for several leagues and thrown into a narrow, dark hole. The next day I was brought before a judge for trial. On my way to the court the streets seemed literally packed with people. They pointed their fingers at me, and I could hear such expressions as "That's him!" "That's the fellow!" "The monster!" "I felt no remorse. I enjoyed it. The mathematics that were cast upon me seemed to me the poems of praise. I was conscious of one thing: that my magnetic powers were nullified by the vast multitude. It was only when I could concentrate them on one object that they realized that I was a very brief. I was sentenced to be choked to death by the sacred crab at sunset on the following day. They were about to lead me away when a voice of voice, coming from a crowd, exclaimed: "It's black!" I was more astonished than they. It was black as ink.

It flowed thick for several minutes, but suddenly it became red. Impulsively I clasped my hand over the wound. The blood stopped. I was changed man. Then for the first time I realized that I was a criminal. I made an impassioned appeal for mercy. They laughed at me. "I am a Christian!" I exclaimed. "Oh, do not tell me that. It was not I. It was the numbers. It was Cain!" They laughed incredulously. "Do not murder me, I beseech you!" I cried. "Mercy! Mercy! I pray you, mercy!" "You gave no mercy, you will receive none," they replied. They dragged me away towards an imposing edifice which stood in a large, open square, surrounded by weeping willows. I was led through a long, narrow hallway, which opened into a broad, open court, in the centre of which stood a small platform. I was placed in a chair on the top of the platform, with my hands tightly strapped to the sides of the chair, and there, on I felt the strong, powerful front legs of a crab closing on my neck. I was suffocating. Biting noises, sharp, stinging pains, were rushing through my head. I could hear a spectral voice, saying, "Think of your victims!" I was being strangled. My tongue was swelling, protruding from my mouth. I gasped for breath and awoke. It was only a dream. J. F. F.

REGISTERED IN THE MAMBRINO.

A Small Chicken Stops the Music at the Doris Museum.

There is a chicken hatching mill at Doris's Museum that hatches a chicken every second, and as a necessary consequence chickens are thicker than hops down that way.

The mill is a roomy apparatus and has many cozy little wooden houses and other places where the chickens amuse themselves after making their artificial entrance.

Now just across curio hall from the chicken-hatching mill is a Mambrino band, a wind instrument made entirely of wood and having thirty-eight keys. When played upon by a young man, it produces a very peculiar sound, resembling the sound of a piano.

Yesterday the young man started in to play "Quite Near It," but something went wrong with the keys.

One of the keys when touched emitted a most curious sound, and for some time after being struck with the wooden hammer with which the instrument is played it kept up a nervous clicking.

Mr. Doris sent for a piano-tuner, and he succeeded in extracting a small chicken that had gone to roost in the large hollow of the instrument before the tuner's pliers. It was a form had blocked the way and deadened the sound.

E. H. F., 567 Quincy street, Brooklyn.

**We Shall Always Defend the Oppressed.**

To the Editor of The Evening World.

We have watched with much interest the course you have taken in having released from the clutches of an abominable law a child who had been deprived of her home, her happiness, her liberty, and who has been restored to her parents solely through the influence of THE EVENING WORLD. It is true there are many cases in which children should have protection from the abusive treatment of unfeeling parents. But when for reason of the power vested in certain officers, children are taken from their parents for trifling causes and incarcerated in institutions, it is a Godsend that we have such a paper as THE EVENING WORLD to maintain their cause.

E. H. F., 567 Quincy street, Brooklyn.

**An Unfortunate Country.**

(From the Burlington Press Press.)

Bloodgood—I understand that it is almost impossible to get a drink of whiskey in Dakota? "Summer—Yes, unfortunate country. Even the cold there is dry.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pilewort, Juniper Berries and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, unknown to any other medicine, and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that while neighborhood are taking it at the same time, Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. The same success is extending all over the country.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apoliticals, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

## DIDN'T KNOW 'TAS WICKED.

BUT MRS. KELLY MUST ANSWER FOR SELLING THAT PICTURE.

The Sheriff Furnished \$1,000 Bail for Jerry Kelly's Accused Dealer in Cigarettes—Principal Prescott Talks of Danger to the Youth of the Land—What a Father Said About the Picture.

Mrs. Clementine Kelly, who was arrested on complaint of Principal Charles J. Prescott, of Public School 13, in Jersey City, on the charge of selling an obscene picture to Victor Metz, one of his scholars, as told in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, was brought up for examination before Justice of the Peace Aldridge this morning.

Mrs. Kelly said she kept the store at 98 Jackson avenue. She had received the objectionable pictures from the agent of the cigarette firm, who told her that the pictures were meant to advertise a special brand of cigarettes, the sale of which had fallen to almost nothing in less than five years.

She did not deny having the picture in her possession, but said she was unaware of its immoral character.

The Justice read the law against selling or having in possession obscene prints of any description, and warned the prisoner that the punishment was \$1,000 fine, or a year's imprisonment, or both. He added that in this case the fault was undoubtedly that of the man who had given her the pictures.

Principal Prescott here interposed and spoke of the danger which beset the youths through the distribution of such articles. He asked Mrs. Kelly whether she had ever sold any of these pictures to girls. She said she had not.

Mr. Metz, the father of the boy who is alleged to have caused the trouble, said that he could go back and in less than half hour could bring back twenty or fifty copies of the picture. He didn't think the woman was guilty of any criminal intention.

There isn't a boy between here and Hackensack who hasn't got one," said Mr. Metz.

Frederick Kimley asked for an adjournment until Monday to allow Mrs. Kelly to obtain counsel. Mr. Prescott objected, saying he didn't have the time to waste.

After some little argument Mr. Kimley said that the woman would waive examination and go before the Grand Jury.

Bail was fixed at \$1,000, and it was furnished by Sheriff Davis, of Hudson County.

## SHOT DEAD AFTER A ROW.

A mysterious case of fatal shooting is today being followed up by the police of the Seventeenth Precinct, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Theresa Schulz lies at her home on Liberty, near Van Siclen avenue, East New York, dead, with a bullet hole in her head, while her husband, Thomas, a toy manufacturer, is under close police surveillance.

About 7.30 o'clock this morning Schulz walked into the police station on Atlantic avenue and told the Sergeant that his wife had committed suicide by shooting herself.

He didn't know whether she was dead or not. An officer was sent to summon two physicians, and, calling Drs. Winter and Fevring, went with them to the house.

They found the woman lying on the bedroom floor dead. A 32-calibre revolver, with its chamber empty, was on the floor near her.

Meanwhile Detective Kortright arrived at the house with Schulz, and commenced an investigation.

The neighbors say that about midnight Schulz and his wife had a quarrel and she summoned a policeman, who warned them to keep the peace. There was no one else in the house at the time of the shooting.

**HIS FRIEND APPLIED THE MATCH.**

A Most Serious Game Played on Mr. Glazebrook While Getting Shaved.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BETHLEHEM, CONN., Feb. 23.—Thomas Glazebrook entered a barber shop last evening and was shaved, after which he sat up in the barber's chair for the finishing touches to his hair.

Standing near him was William Walsh, a friend, who was about to light a cigarette.

The barber roused Glazebrook's head with a generous dash of bay rum and remarked jocosely to Walsh, who still held a lighted match: "Touch him off."

The latter applied the match and in an instant Glazebrook's head was in flames. Glazebrook was pulled from the chair and the two men tried to smother the fire with towels, but not until the barber's assistant threw a pail of water over the burning bay rum and hair were the flames entirely subdued.

Glazebrook's head was badly burned. Medical aid was summoned, and the doctor's opinion is that hereafter Glazebrook will be perfectly bald.

**New Bank Incorporated To-Day.**

The Union Square Bank was incorporated to-day, with a capital of \$200,000, which may be increased to \$4,000,000.

Among the shareholders are Edward Uhl, Isaac Fromme, Robert Currie, John J. Gibson, Frederick Smith, Harry H. Hies, August F. Ottman, Louis Stecker, Henry Beecher, Joseph J. Kettel, R. Rodriguez, George A. Steingard, F. G. Bull, Charles H. Kelly, Henry Dugro, Francis A. Dugro and Paul K. Ames.

**Very Dazed Visitor from Boston.**

William Honilla, a guest of the Sinclair House, was held in the Jefferson Market Court this morning for cutting Alfred Johnson with a knife on Third street last night.

Honilla, who said he had been thirty years of age and hailed from Boston, looked very much dazed and said he had been drunk. He admitted having celebrated Washington's birthday.

**Steamer Bristol to Be Broken Up.**

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 23.—The wreck of the Old Colony steamer Bristol was sold at auction to-day to C. H. Gregory & Co., of New York for \$15,450. It will be taken to New York and broken up.

## THE DUDE KING IN CONTEMPT

BERRY WALL FAILED TO ANSWER TO HIS NAME IN COURT.

"E. Berry Wall!"

This name was called before Judge Nehrbas in the City Court this morning, but the Dude King failed to answer and an order was entered, on motion of Comptroller Leroy H. Crane, to punish him for contempt of Court.

This all came about through Berry's well-known liking for fine raiment and his reluctance to pay for it.

On Nov. 14, 1898, Mathias Rock, the fashionable tailor, obtained a judgment against Wall for \$386.67, on an account which had been running about three years.

The Sheriff failed to find anything belonging to the monarch of the Johnnies, on which to levy to satisfy the judgment, and proceedings were commenced to discover the property of Wall subject to execution.

Berry was ordered to appear before William H. Myer, referee, at 314 Broadway, Jan. 20, to be examined with relation to the nature and extent of his wardrobe, jewelry, etc., but failed to appear, and an order to show cause why he should not be punished in contempt was issued.

Cockran & Clark appeared as Wall's counsel to-day and pleaded that he could not attend because of the recent death of his brother, William H. Wall, in California.

This plea Judge Nehrbas was so modified the order as to allow Berry to purge himself of the contempt by appearing and submitting to an examination before Referee Myer on the 26th inst. He will have to pay \$30 costs for to-day's motion, however.

**KERR JURORS APPROACHED.**

JUDGE DANIELS SAYS HE PROPOSES TO HAVE AN INVESTIGATION.

Justice Daniels sat in Extraordinary Term of Oyer and Terminer for a few hours to-day, and the proceedings in the Kerr trial began at 10 o'clock with the calling of the three hundred and first juror.

The two jurors in the box looked very lone some and seemed to be having regrets that they failed to have an opinion when they were being examined as to their qualifications to serve.

In the first hour fourteen talesmen were called and rejected. There came T. Judson Kilpatrick, real estate, at Madison avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

He had read something about the Broadway Road, and the bribery charges against Kerr, but not so interestingly as to have formed any opinion regarding the truth or falsity of the assertions. He said he could give a verdict on the evidence he should hear.

John F. O'Connell, in answer to Mr. Bird, said that he had been called upon by a stranger after the summons had been served upon him, and questions put to him regarding his politics. He was excused.

Judge Daniels said that he proposed to have an investigation into the fact concerning the calling upon jurors by some person not now known. Mr. Sample said that the District Attorney had already begun such action.

Court then adjourned till Monday.

**FEEDING A CANCER.**

It Absorbs Seven Pounds of Meat Daily, but Saves the Patient's Strength.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BLACK RIVER FALLS, WIS., Feb. 23.—More than a year ago the physicians said that Mrs. William Galloway, of Trempealeau County, could live but a day or two, as she was suffering from a cancer on her breast.

Beef was applied as a remedy, and for over a year the cancer has absorbed daily seven pounds of beefsteak.

It also profusely exudes every particle of moisture, leaving the beef as porous as a sponge.

Mrs. Galloway is no worse than she was when the beef was first applied, except that she is failing from old age.

**Helped to Kill Carmino.**

Gaetano Ugliavos, age thirty-five, of 204 Hester street, was held for the Grand Jury to-day. He is charged with participating in the assault on Frank Carmino, at 84 Hester street on Sunday last, which resulted in Carmino's death. The trial occurred over a card table, and was the result of a charge made by Carmino that he had been robbed \$25.

**Young Burglars in the Flats.**

Alexander Ryan, seventeen years old, and Harry J. Wilson, eighteen years old, both residing in the Empire Flats, at 100 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, were held in \$2,000 each on a charge of burglary in the Harlem Palace hotel, on Sunday last. They were found in the cellar packing goods that had been stolen from inmates of the flats.

**THE GENUINE**

**Johann Hoff's Malt Extract.**

THE BEST NUTRITIVE TONIC

FOR

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nursing Mothers, the Weak and Debilitated.

I have used Johann Hoff's Malt Extract for the past five years in my private practice, and have found it to be the best health-restoring beverage and tonic known.

I have found it especially good for persons suffering from indigestion, in cases of dyspepsia, for mothers nursing, and in cases of weakly children, and also in lung troubles.

My attention was drawn by the immense importance, non-alcoholic, and about a million of bottles imported by you have passed my inspection in the Custom-House satisfactorily for the past five years.

Yours respectfully,

W. W. LAMB, M. D.

Chief Drug Inspector

U. S. Port Philadelphia.

Beware of imitations. The "Genuine" only.

It has the signature of "JOHANN HOFF" and "MORTZ EISNER" on the neck of every bottle.

Johann Hoff, Berlin, Prussia, Vienna.